MERCURIUS MUSICUS:

OR, THE

Monthly Collection

Of New TEACHING

SONGS,

(For the YEAR, 1700.)

Compos'd for, and Sung at the *THEATRES*, and other Publick Places.

WITH

An addition of *Two Part* SONGS; and a Thorough BASS to each Song, for the *Harpſichord*, *Spinett*, or *BASS-VIOL*.

Such Tunes as are not in the Compaſs of the *FLUTE*, are Tranſpos'd at the End of the Book.

For **March** and **April.**

Theſe Collections *for the Future, will be duly Publiſhed: Where you may be ſure to meet with the Neweſt and Beſt in each Month.* Price 6 *d.*

LONDON:

Printed by *W. Pearſon*, in *Red-Croſs-Alley* in *Jewin-ſtreet*, for *D. Browne*, at the *Black-Swan* and *Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, and *Henry Playford*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change Fleet-ſtreet*; or at his Houſe in *Arundel-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, (where the Collections for the Year 99, are to be had, Bound, at 3 *s.* 6*d.* or Stitch'd, at 6 *d.* each.) and at moſt Bookſellers and Muſick-Shops in Town. 1700.

May will ſpeedily come forth.

(377)

A SONG Sett by Mr. Henry Hall, Organiſt of Hereford.

S

Ing, ſing, ſing, ſing; what ſhall we ſing? Some lof-ty

glo——————.——rious Theme, the migh-ty *Cæſar's* conq'ring Arms, or *Cle--o--patra's*

mightier Charms; or ſhall we ſing the Fair, the Fair *E—li—za's* Fame? Yes, yes, yes,

yes, let Fair *E—li—za* be the Theme; yes, yes, yes, yes, let Fair *E---li--za* be the Theme:

E—liza is a far more glorious Name: What are *Cæ--ſar's* bright Arms to *E——*

—li za's Fair Charms? Or what's *Cle--o-pa-tra*, when *E--li--za* is ſeen? When *E—li---za* appears, ſuch

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Wea—pons ſhe wears, as baf—fle the Hero, and vanquiſh the Queen.

CHORUS.

Then, then let E—li—za ; *then let* E—li—za, *let* E—li—za *be the Theme*, E-li-za, E-

Then, then let E—li—za, *then let* E—li—za, *let* E—li—za *be the Theme*, E-li-za, E-

Then let E——li—za, *then let* E—li—za, *then let* E—li——za *be the Theme* ; E—li-za, E-

—li-za, E—li—za *fills the mouth of Fame, and we will ſin——g, will ſin——*

——li——za *fills the mouth of Fame, and we will ſin——g, will ſin——g*

——li—za, E—li—za *fills the mouth of Fame, and we will ſing, will ſi——g,*

S.

——g *no o——ther Name, will ſin—g, ſin——g no o——ther Name.*

will ſing no o—ther Name, will ſing no o—ther Name.

will ſing no o—ther Name, will ſin——g, ſing no o——ther Name.

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First Voice.

E—li—za's Charms can Wonders do, can make the fix--ed Poets to move; melt Seas of

2d Voice.

Ice, and *Alps* of Snow, and kindle *Eu--nuchs* in——to Love: If A——ged Hermits on her

gaze, they feel the gleam of young Deſire, ſhe blows their Blood in—-to a blaze, and

Chorus as before.

ſets their Chilneſs all on fire. The Thun—der ſtill when

e'er ſhe ſpeaks, when e'er ſhe looks, the Light—ning's Pale, the Son out ſhone, his

Chorus again.

Orb for--ſakes, and Con—quer'd Stars in Hom—age fall.

Chorus again.

(330)

When e'er *E---li---za's* pleas'd to move, the moving *Orbs* no far--ther go, ſhe out--does

all the pow'rs above, and undoes, all the Men be—low.

Chorus as before.

Chorus as before.

A SONG Set by Mr. Akeroyde.

Dear, Dear, Dear *Cin-thi---a* ſend me,

ſend me back my Heart; If I muſt ne'er have thine, if I muſt ne'er have thine, if I

muſt ne'er have thine; and ſince from yours you will not part, you will not part, why

ſhou'd you then have mine? But now 'tis loſt than let it lye, then let it, let it, let it,

(381)

let it, let it, let it, let it lie, to ſend it me is vain, to ſend it me is

vain; thou haſt a Thief in ei—ther Eye, will ſteal it, will ſteal it, will

ſteal it, will ſteal it back a—-gain.

A SONG Set by Mr. Leveridge, *Sung at the* Theatre *in* Dublin.

M*A—rin—da's* Face like *Cu-pid's* Bow, is draw— — — — —n, is

drawn to ſhoot at Hearts, which Hy—dra like, do Hourly, Hour—ly Grow; when woun-

— — — — — — — — —d—ed by her Darts, when woun- - - - - - - -

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—d--ed by her Darts. Her

Eyes ſuch point—ed, point—ed Ar--rows ſend, that wi- - - - - - - - - - - -

———ng'd, with Fate they fl- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

--y, that wing'd with Fate they fly ; no Armour, no, no, no Armour, can their

fo———————rce de—fend, for whom they hit muſt die; no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

no, no; no, no, no, no Armour can their force defend, for who- - - - - - - -

(383)

——me they hit muſt die, die, die, whome they hit muſt Dye.

Yet in her Quiver their remaines ſuch Jo—— ——

——y, ſuch Jo———y as wou'd ſhe give, wou'd eaſe a tortur'd, tortur'd wretch from

pains, and make the dy———ing liv———

———e, and make the dy—ing live.

A New SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting Lover, you wiſh fair Winds may waft him o---ver ;

(384)

a--las, what Winds can happy prove, that makes me Fly from what I Love? a-las what

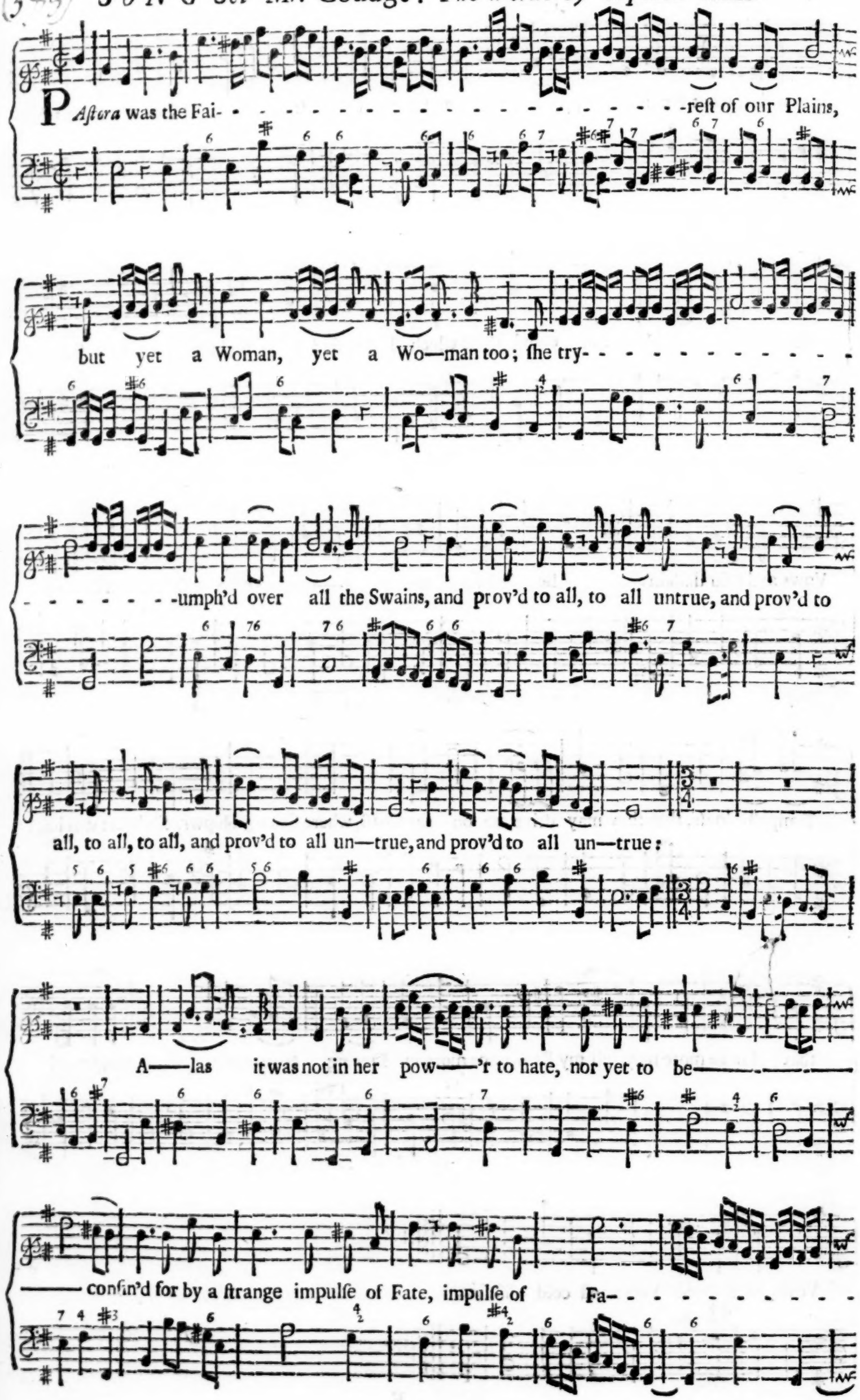
danger's on the Main, can equal thoſe which I ſuſtain? from ſlighted Vows, from ſlighted

Vows and cold diſdain: Be gentle and in pi—ty chooſe, to wiſh the wild---eſt

Tempeſts looſe, that they may drive me on the Coaſt, where firſt my Shipwrackt heart was loſt;

that I once more may tell my Pain, once more in Dyeing Notes complain, of ſlight--ed

Vows, of ſlighted Vows and cold diſ-dain.

(345) *SONG Set Mr.* Goudge: *The Words by Captain* Aliff.

Paſtora was the Fai- reſt of our Plains,
but yet a Woman, yet a Wo—man too; ſhe try- - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - -umph'd over all the Swains, and prov'd to all, to all untrue, and prov'd to
all, to all, to all, and prov'd to all un—true, and prov'd to all un—true:
A——las it was not in her pow——'r to hate, nor yet to be——————
——— confin'd for by a ſtrange impulſe of Fate, impulſe of Fa- - - - - - - - - - -

(346.)

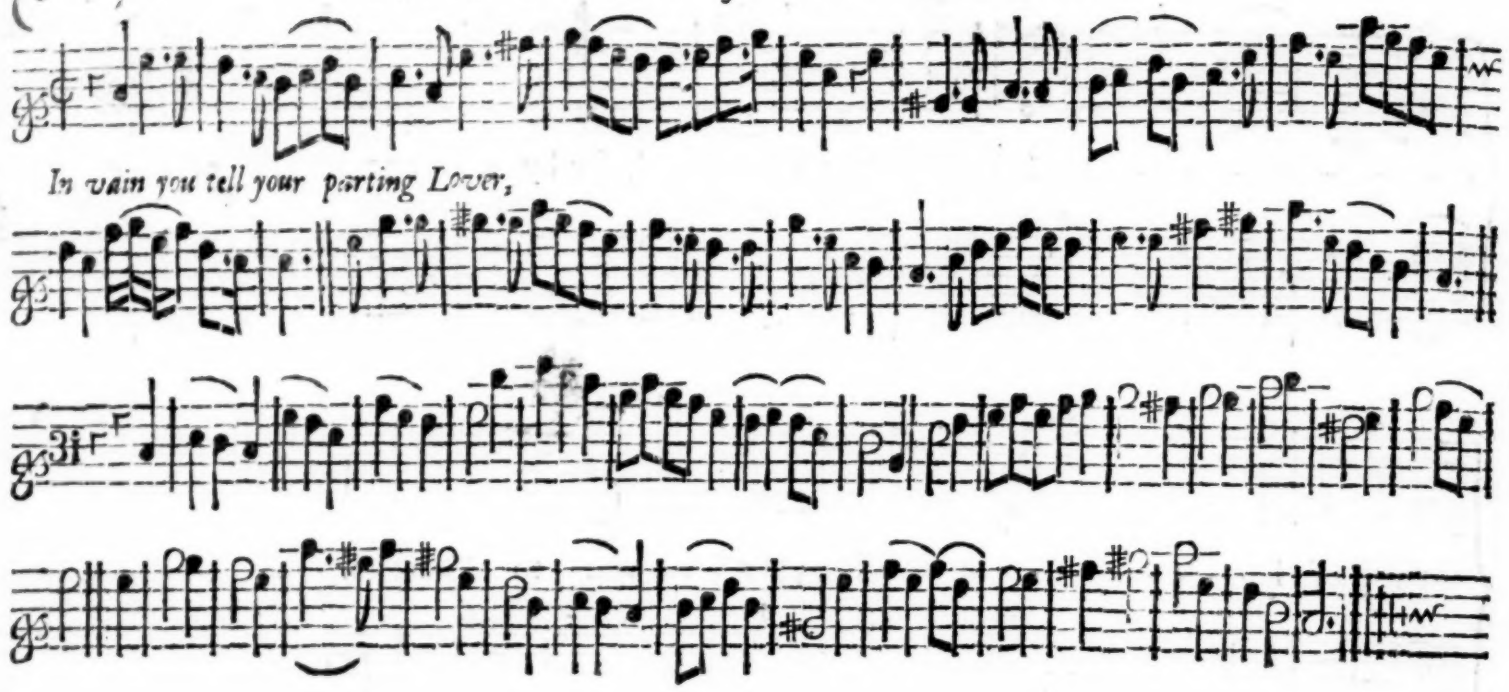
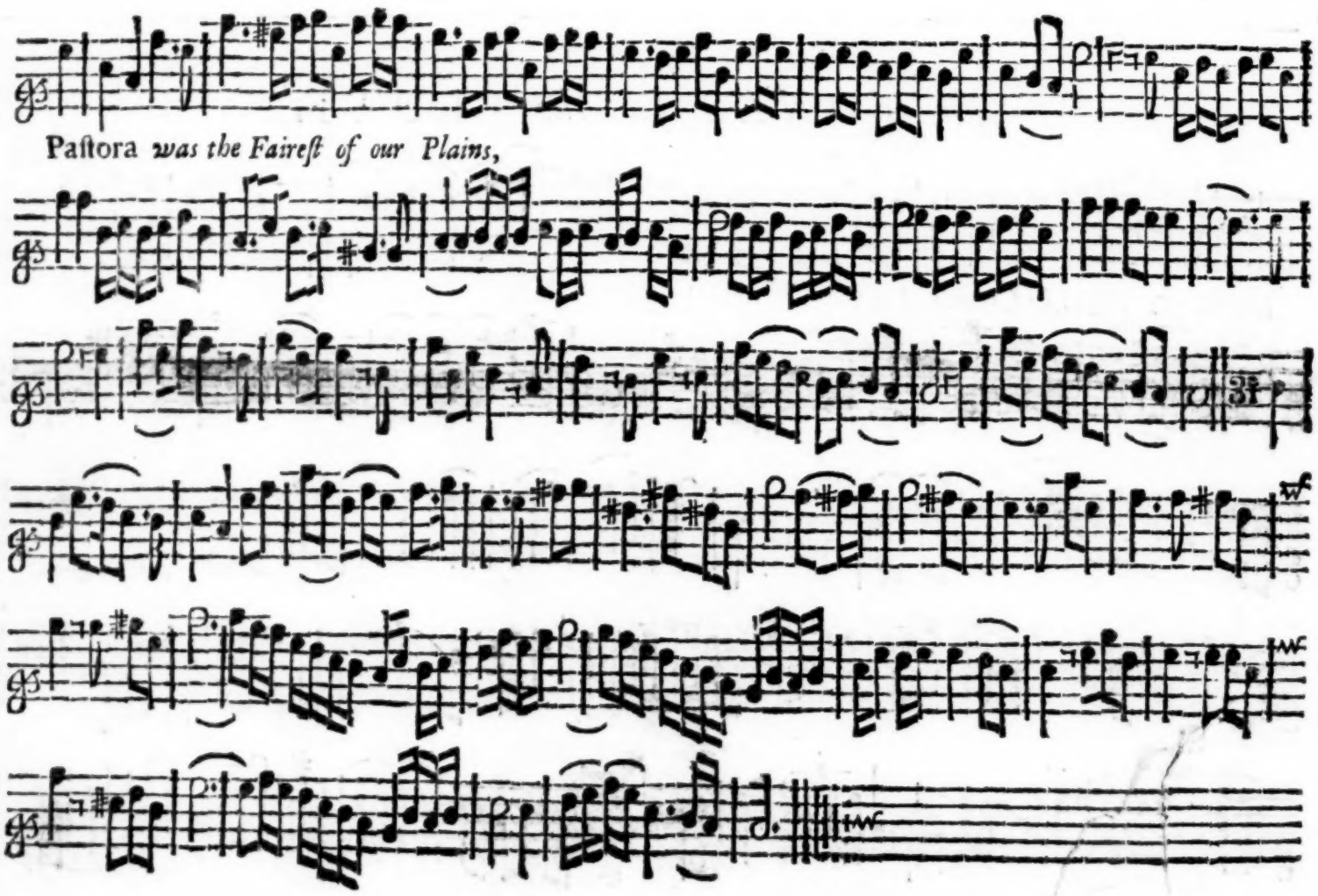
te her love was to Mankind, for by a ſtrange impuſe of Fate im—

—pulſe of Fa- - - - - - - - - te her love, her love was to Mankind.

The TUNES for the FLUTE.

Marinda's *Face like* Cupids *Bow,*

(347)

The TUNES *for the* FLUTE.

FINIS.